

# A P O E M

## Upon the Right of Succession to the Crown of England.

That precious Gem call'd Loyalty grows scarce,  
Faction would turn it to disgraceful Farce.

When *England's* great Prerogative does grow  
Into contempt by Tumult, Monarch's foe.  
Whose subtil secret *Jesuitick* Gins,  
Would turn the frame of Nature off its Pins.  
A painted zeal must back what they decree,  
Heav'n must be mock'd t'uphold their treachery.  
As if they judg'd That would maintain their Cause,  
Whose beams outshine it, to support our Laws.  
Bless'd in the Hemisphere of peaceful days,  
Beneath the warm, the bright, and sacred rays,  
Of glorious Majesty, by whose sweet care,  
Our Laws and Liberties maintained are.  
Blush then disloyal Mortals, let your shame,  
All wild attempts against your Reason tame.  
Think not your selves that are but Subjects, Kings,  
You know Religion teacheth better things.  
Must all our ancient Laws then tumble down,  
By turning this to an Elective Crown?  
No lawful President you can disclose,  
Whereby you power have Kings to depose,  
Or turn the circulation of the Blood,  
An adverse way, not to be understood.  
But through a byass'd odd fantastick zeal,  
Which being grasp'd, is slippery like an Eel.  
Late reeling Times sufficiently have shown,  
Th' effects of Masquerade Religion.  
When *Charles* the Great, whose memory shall live,  
Could not their murtherous Principles survive.  
And our most Gracious Sovereign *Charles* that now  
Does rule our Land, from thence did he not grow.  
Immediate Heir to sway the Scepter here,  
And though Religion made the Point seem clear,  
Yet theirs forsooth could him no Crown afford,  
For by th' divine assistance of their Sword,  
Their piety forc'd him forth his native Land,  
Against both Law, Nature, and Heav'n's Command.  
Are these the pious things you'd act again?  
Fie! from dissembled Loyalty abstain.

Numb. 27.  
9, 10.

Gen. 4. 7.  
Deut. 21. 17

For those who dirt do at the right Heir fling,  
Can ne'r be found in heart towards their King.  
As well by Nature as by Laws divine,  
The first-born are preferred in the Line  
Of Consanguinity, why then shall we  
Dare to oppose God's heavenly Decree?  
Heav'n may; but sure I am, no Power on Earth,  
Can rob him of that Crown, whose claim's his Birth.  
When God it sends, Descent the Scepter brings,  
By that we pay Allegiance to our Kings.  
Though humane Laws sometimes wax out of date,  
By length of time, a far more happy Fate  
Attends the Law of Nature, a long course  
Of time can't turn her from her former source:  
As well may man the heavenly Orbs controul,  
And to his will make those great Circles rowl;  
As well may he command the Firmament,  
As intercept or hinder this Descent.  
Which when it comes that Particle of time,  
Th' undoubted Heir unto the Throne does climb.  
He's King compleat by Nature's justest Law,  
And our Allegiance doth as justly draw.  
As Child to Parent does obedience show,  
The same do Subjects unto Princes owe.  
No Power on Earth, no Law, no Parliament,  
But the Great God, can exclude this Descent.  
An usurp'd Power, though gloss'd with the consent  
O'th' populace, can ne'r be permanent.  
They're ever curs'd with some strange bloody Fate,  
Furious Distempers over-rule that State:  
Until furcharg'd with sickness and with blood,  
At length they vomit up th' unwholsom food,  
That lately seem'd to nourish their sick brest,  
Till Loyalty doth give'em ease and rest.  
What strange Convulsions History doth tell,  
Of States that did the lawful Heir expel.  
The Second *William* govern'd once this Realm  
By Usurpation, and the mighty Helm

Coke's 7th.  
Rep. 10.  
vers. 11.  
Calvin's  
Case.

By *Henry* the First being occupi'd,  
Until their elder Brother *Robert* di'd.  
Who to obtain that Crown that was his due,  
Colour'd this Land of a dread scarlet hue.  
It ended with his death; th' imperial Crown  
Then by Descent for *Henry's* was known.  
Next unto *Maud*, the Empress of that Name,  
The only Heir of *Henry* it came.  
When *Stephen* he usurp'd it as his own,  
How heavily did this sick Nation groan.  
Till justice seem'd to take that pious care,  
Once more to settle it on the rightful Heir.  
Examples are numerous almost as words,  
Which more compleat in Histories records.  
You'll find; but to omit a search so far,  
The late unnatural intestine War  
Speaks loud enough, the wounds continue green,  
When *Charles* the First had been the bloody Scene  
Of their Impiety; this Land was wrack'd,  
Its Bowels torn, Nature's chief Fabrick crack'd,  
As 'twere at such disorder, till in th' end,  
(As each thing doth unto its Centre tend.)  
The Clouds dispers'd, and drove away despair,  
When in the Throne appear'd the much wrong'd Heir,  
Whom God preserve, and may he ever be  
From treach'rous and disloyal Subjects free.  
Princes are God's Anointed, and the Crown  
None can detain, but Heav'n's great Prince alone.  
When Nature's Law hath been impeach'd, such things  
Are wrought by Power divine, or th' King of Kings.  
By that great Power they rule, and by no less,  
And as he rais'd them, he can them depress.  
The God of Nature can't his Rules controul,  
And make it seem against himself to rowl.  
Then let not Fancy to our weak thoughts bring,  
That it is lawful to Create a King,  
From out o'th' Line, for being i'th' Bible seen,  
That Heirs to Crowns have interrupted been.  
You may as well allow with the same zeal,  
That we by Law may pilfer, rob and steal,  
Because the *Israelites* commanded were  
To spoil th' *Egyptians* of their choicest Chear.  
Unto the Law we bound are at this rate,  
But not the strict Example t'imitate.  
All our King's Officers, 'tis not unknown,  
Are sworn t'uphold the Rights of *England's* Crown.  
The Commons too, before they Voice can claim  
I'th' House, are duly sworn to right the same.  
How can we judge of this but as a blot,  
When such an Oath's most willingly forgot?  
It's sin, we think, to let a Papist reign,  
But Perjury we'll piously maintain  
For a great vertue, when self-Interest,  
In whispers tells us all goes for the best.  
That Monster Faction evermore did range  
In these three Kingdoms, to promote a Change.  
Which being upheld by Frenzy, Pride, and Scorn  
Of Monarchy, 'tis that's the wounding Thorn  
To publick Peace, and makes the greatest Scars,  
That fills mens mouths with Armies, Blood and Wars.  
'Tis That deposes Princes, blackens Fame,  
Whitens the *Negro*, makes the sound man lame.  
A Prince o'th' Blood is now a petty thing,  
And if we durst, we'd tell you so's a King.  
Virtue's bright lustre can her not protect,  
From base Ingratitude and Disrespect.  
It once hath been admired in that Prince,  
And still may be his glorious defence,  
Against the Tongue of ev'ry senseless Brute,  
That dares Succession to the Crown dispute.  
But may our Good, our Gracious King long reign,  
Whose Breast all precious Vertue doth contain.  
May he reign, and live long enough to find  
His Subjects all united in one mind.  
And may a Gem so precious from his Crown,  
Not be defil'd, nor rudely taken down.  
And that Injustice shou'd it not impair,  
Heav'n hath bequeath'd it to his dearest Care.

1 Sam. 16. 1.

Exod. 11. 2.  
12. 35.

5 Eliz. c. 1.